THE

GROANS

OF

SCOTLAND:

OR, THE

LAMENTATIONS of the Antient Genius of *CALEDONIA*, for the Miſeries of that Country.

Infandum Regina jubes renovare dolorem?
VIRG.

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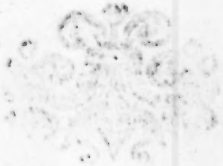

THE GROANS OF *SCOTLAND.*

FEW People, that are in the leaſt acquainted with *Scotland*, eſpecially with the more remote Parts of it, are ignorant, how much the Notion of familiar Spirits prevails in that Country.

There are few Gentlemen's Seats of any Antiquity, but what is furniſh'd with one of thoſe Spirits; and you may as well perſuade the

the Poſſeſſors of theſe Houſes out of their Creed, as prevail on them to believe, that *Browni* (for that is the general Appellation of this Species of Beings) has no Exiſtence, but in Prepoſſeſſion, Ignorance, or a heated Imagination; they have ſo many Stories to relate of theſe Spirits, ſupported with ſuch ſeeming Probability; that a Man muſt have a ſtrong Byaſs upon his Mind, not to be brought to favour the Suppoſition of their real Exiſtence: Strangers generally laugh at the Conceit; but are frequently convinc'd to their Coſt; that thoſe Kind of Familiars are not to be jeſted with; at leaſt, by any but thoſe of the Family to whom they belong.

They appear in various Shapes; but the moſt common viſible Appearance which they aſſume, is that of an old Man: Whether they are pure Spirits, or a Species of Beings, partaking only of ſome of the Qualities of Spirits, is not agreed upon by thoſe who favour the Doctrine of their real Exiſtence; but all agree, that they are a very innocent Kind of Creatures; are kind, and beneficent,

and

and free from all Manner of Malice to Mankind; are Enemies to Vice and Immorality; and their chief Buſineſs on Earth would ſeem to be, to watch over the Welfare of the Proprietors of thoſe Seats where they inhabit: They are generally heard to make great Lamentations before the Death of any of the Family; or when any other fatal Accident ſeems to threaten the Chief of the Houſe.

It is not to my preſent Purpoſe, to enter into an Enquiry, whether there really are ſuch Beings on Earth, or not; I believe there is no great Hereſy in giving our Aſſent either Way; we know the *Scotch* are not ſingular in their Opinion; almoſt all the Nations in *Europe* have had, till of very late Times, the ſame Prepoſſeſſions in Favour of theſe Kind of Beings: However, the general Character I have given of them will ſerve for Introduction to what follows.

Near the Iſland of *Mull*, one of the Weſtern Iſles, lies the ſmall Iſland of *J. Colum.*

Cullum. Kill. formerly the Seat of the antient Druids: In this Iſland theſe famed Pagan Oracles reſided for many Centuries before the Promulgation of the Goſpel. St. *Columbus*, who firſt planted Chriſtianity in that Country, ſettled a Seminary in that Iſland; which, from that Time, took the Saint's Name; and this Seminary flouriſh'd till very lately before the Reformation, when the Monks were diſpers'd: As this little Iſland ſeemed to be the Mother of Chriſtianity, it was held in great Veneration by all the neighbouring Nations, and became the Burying-Place of the *Scotch*, *Daniſh*, and *Iriſh* Kings; where are to be ſeen to this Day the Remains of ſome of their Monuments: There is yet ſome of the Ruins of the Monaſtery ſtanding; but no Part of them fit to be inhabited.

There are ſome Houſes upon the Iſland, which are poſſeſſed by Farmers, who occupy the Land: Theſe People give out, that the Iſland, eſpecially the antient Ruins, is haunted by a *Browni*, who appears in the Shape of an old Man of a noble, vene-

venerable Aſpect: This Spirit is frequently ſeen in open Day-Light amongſt the Royal Tombs; and is conſtantly heard to make dreadful moaning before any general Calamity. He is not often ſeen affected with the Fate of private Perſons; ſo that this venerable Spirit would ſeem to be the Familiar of *Scotland* in general, its antient Genius, and Guardian-Angel; ſince he only laments thoſe Accidents, that affect that Country as a Kingdom.

Before the Rebellion broke out, the Inhabitants heard the *Browni* make dreadful Lamentations; and when he was at any Time viſible, it was always in a melancholy Poſture, like a Man quite overwhelm'd with Sorrow, and oppreſs'd with Grief.

But of late his Complaints have been immoderate; and whereas before, they could hear nothing but Groans, or ſome ſhort ſorrowful Exclamation, his Wailings have, of late, been articulate; and for Hours together they have liſtened to him, painting the Miſeries, and bemoaning the Misfortunes

of that Country, in a Style the moſt moving and pathetick that could be imagin'd: And in theſe Plaints the Countrymen found, that they had Intelligence of Events almoſt as ſoon as they happen'd, though diſtant from them ſome Days Journey.

This particular Behaviour of the *Browni* of *J. Colum. Kill.* became the general Subject of Converſation in the Iſland of *Mull*, and the adjacent Continent of the Shire of *Argyle*; which induced a Gentleman of that Country, till then an Infidel in the Doctrine of familiar Spirits, to go over to the Iſland, to try if he could be perſuaded of what he thought impoſſible: He went over the Beginning of *June*, and the firſt Night he lay there he was converted to the Faith; heard the venerable Spirit deſcribe the miſerable State of his Country, in a Language which had ſuch an Impreſſion upon him, that he remember'd almoſt every Word of it, and forthwith committed it to Writing; which he tranſmitted to me the next Poſt, as a real Curioſity. The Reader is to obſerve, that the Spirit

ſpoke

ſpoke in the *Highland* Language; which is naturally lofty and pathetick, and much fitter for Deſcription than any modern Language extant; ſo that I am apt to believe the *Engliſh* Tranſlation muſt come infinitely ſhort of the Original.

" Oh! *Scotland!* Oh! my Country! " how ſhall I deſcribe thy Sorrows, and " delineate the Misfortunes that attend thy " Sons: Let me turn my Eyes to the Eaſt, " and to the Weſt, to the South, and to " the North, there is no Glimpſe of Joy: " not the leaſt Shadow of Peace; Death, " Deſtruction, and diſmal Deſolation, oc- " cupy every Corner: Vengeance from on " high has overtaken her, Sorrow from a- " far has overwhelm'd her, and all the " Horrors of deſtructive War prey upon " her Bowels: Oh! *Scotland!* how ſhall I " find Words to expreſs thy Woes! To- " day promis'd us Peace, and To-morrow " you was flatter'd with Hopes of Com- " fort; yet there is none near: To-day, " and To-morrow, and every other Mor- " row comes, and paſſeth as the laſt, loaded

 " with

" with Sorrows, and pregnant with dire Miſ-
" chief. How bitter is thy Cup? How brim-
" ful of Calamity? How ſevere the Lot
" of unhappy *Caledonia?* Oh, miſerable,
" thrice miſerable, unhappy Country!

" Thy Pains are like the Pangs of a
" Woman in Labour: thou feeleſt all the
" Agonies of a Mother in Child-bed; but
" thy Hopes are not like her, ſhe is in A-
" gony, but is comforted by the Birth of
" a Son, and her Heart made light with
" an Heir to her Inheritance: But *Scotland*,
" unhappy *Scotland* knows no ſuch Com-
" fort; her Sorrow admits of no Alleviati-
" on: which ever Way her Deliverance
" comes, Death is in the End, and Bit-
" terneſs of Anguiſh ſums up the whole
" Account: Oh, *Scotia!* Oh, *Scotia!* how
" hard is the Lot of thy Deſtiny?

" Sorrows came upon us from the North-
" weſt: Deſolation ſpreads amongſt us like
" a Whirlwind, and the Horrors of dread-
" ful War was ſeen in the midſt of her
" Plains: We look'd for Succour from our
" Friends,

" Friends, but were deceiv'd; the Day
" of our Deliverance was afar off, it came;
" but Peace was not there: we ſought it
" from the Foe, but were deny'd; we
" hoped it from our Friends, but found it
" not: When, Oh! when ſhall the Sor-
" rows of my Country have an End?

" From what Period ſhall I date your
" Misfortunes? From what Sourſe ſhall I
" trace the Flood of thy Calamities? Year
" after Year they have increas'd; and for
" Ages back we muſt trace the diſmal
" Scene, that now, like a dreadful Tor-
" rent, overſpreads the fruitful Vales, and
" has introduced barren Famine upon the
" Plains of loſt, of forlorn *Caledonia*.

" Whilſt her Sons, as of old, were
" Friends to Virtue, contented themſelves
" with modeſt Plenty, and confined their
" Ambition to Deeds of Arms, in Defence
" of Liberty and independent Sovereignty:
" Whilſt her Princes were juſt, ſatisfy'd
" with legal Sway, and bounded their Itch
" of Power by the *Tweed*, Peace was in

" her

" herCities, Plenty crown'd the Harveſt, and
" ſplendid Glory rewarded the Soldiers Toils:
" But, Oh! my Sons, ye were weary'd
" of well-doing; your Pride, Folly, and
" Ambition, have brought this Day of De-
" ſolation upon you, and undone *Caledo-*
" *nia.*

" Your Princes deſpis'd their antient Pa-
" trimony, they forſook the Paths of their
" fam'd Predeceſſors; an Itch of Power
" poſſeſs'd them, and the Greedineſs of
" Riches ſwallow'd up all their Faculties:
" the *Tweed* no longer muſt bound their
" Ambition, and the Royal Seats of their
" Forefathers were too little to contain
" their boundleſs Pride. Hence ſprung your
" Misfortunes, and then were ſown the
" Seeds of theſe dire Calamities, which
" loads with Oppreſſion undone, ruin'd *Ca-*
" *ledouia.*

" *James*, the Son of *Mary*, left his na-
" tive *Scotland*, and aſcended the Throne
" of *England*; his Heart was puff'd up,
" and Vanity poſſeſs'd his Soul: As his
" Riches increas'd, he deſpis'd the Checks
" of

" of Law, and his Mind was bent upon
" arbitrary Sway: He conceited himſelf
" wiſe, yet his Soul abounded with Fol-
" ly: Wiſdom forſook him, and was not
" to be found in his Councils: He hated
" his native Country, and laid the Foun-
" dation of the Ruin of his Houſe, and
" the Miſeries that at this Day attend the
" unhappy Sons of thrice unhappy *Caledo-*
" *nia.*

" *Charles*, his Son, was wiſer, and juſter
" than he; yet he had learn'd from him
" to deſpiſe his native Country, which he
" endeavour'd to ſubject to his lawleſs Sway.
" A Love of Liberty rouz'd the antient
" *Scotiſh* Spirit, in Defence of their holy
" Rites. Confuſion and Anarchy reign'd
" for a while, and the whole Iſland ſuf-
" fer'd under the Miſeries of horrid War
" and inteſtine Broils, till Providence inter-
" pos'd, and miraculouſly brought about a
" Reſtoration: *Scotland* might then have
" been happy, and ſecur'd her Liberties
" beyond the Power of Ambition; but ſhe
" ſlipp'd the Opportunity, and out of a
" Mad-

" Madneſs of Joy, gave the Prince more
" Prerogative than he could wiſely uſe, and
" continued her Miſeries, which her Sons
" at this Day feel: O! unhappy *Scotland*,
" when wilt thou be wiſe to diſcern thy
" own Intereſt?

" *James*, the Son of *Charles*, aſcended
" the Throne of his Anceſtors, but with
" Principles deſtructive of Government,
" and pernicious to the Peace of Society:
" He wanted to govern by the arbitrary
" Dictates of his own Will, and refus'd
" to be directed by the Laws of the Land:
" He hated the Religion of his Forefathers,
" but was bigotted to the Superſtitions of
" the Church of *Rome*: At laſt, his I-
" niquity was compleat; Ruin purſued him,
" and he finiſh'd the Deſtruction of his
" Houſe, and left, as a Legacy, the pre-
" ſent Calamities, which now overwhelms
" unhappy *Caledonia*.

" *Scotland*, when wilt thou be wiſe?
" when ſhall thy Folly have an End? Pro-
" vidence ſaw thy dire Misfortunes which

" thou

" thou groaned under, when ſubject to the
" Yoke of the Houſe of *Stuart*, and
" brought about the Revolution, to eaſe
" thee of the horrid Weight, but they were
" not contented: they had not Power to
" avail themſelves of the happy Event, but
" ſpurn'd at the Bleſſing, and curs'd the
" Hand that brought them Succour; which
" at this Day increaſes the Weight of thoſe
" Woes, which now fill the Land of un-
" happy, thrice unhappy *Caledonia*.

" Hard is the Fate of my Country!
" Nothing can make them happy: They
" enjoy'd Peace, and Plenty, and Riches,
" which their Forefathers knew not ſo
" much as in Imagination, yet they could
" not be contented; they ſtill luſted after
" more, till for the Love of worthleſs
" Gain, and contaminated Titles, they made
" Shipwreck of their Honeſty, and bar-
" ter'd the Liberty, the Peace, and Ho-
" nour of their native Country, for leſs
" than nothing, and brought this Day of
" Tribulation upon forlorn *Caledonia*.

" My Sons are ſwallow'd up in Luxury
" and their Souls in Love with Corrupti-
" on, and bare-faced Venality: They have
" ſold their Country for Gold, and their
" Birth-Right for a Meſs of Pottage; they
" are in Love with Slavery, and have not
" the Courage to be honeſt. Oh! my
" Sons, awake from this deep Lethargy;
" ſhake off theſe Vices, that ſully the
" Fame of your Anceſtors; be juſt to your-
" ſelves, dare to be free; and perhaps,
" you may put an End to the Calamities
" of *Caledonia*.

" Oh, unhappy Country! curſe not the
" Cauſe of your Woes; they are your own
" Sons that have undone you: Your Fol-
" lies have brought this Day of Deſolation
" upon you; the Crimes of you and your
" Forefathers are but juſtly viſited upon
" this unhappy Generation: Repent, and
" be wiſe, before it is too late; Rouſe up
" your antient Virtue, and ſave the un-
" happy Remains of unhappy *Caledonia*.

Oh,

" Oh, *Caledonia!* how art thou fallen? " How art thou laid deſolate? Where are " all thy Men at Arms? Where are your " mighty Chiefs, that boaſted in the Valour " of their Houſe? Alas! they are no more, " they are ſlain, they are dead, but not in " the Bed of Honour; they diſplay'd their " untimely Courage in the Cauſe of Re- " bellion, and the Sons of Liberty fought " for arbitrary Power. Ceaſe to lament " their Death, they have diſhonour'd their " Anceſtors; but weep, oh, wail for the " Living, for they muſt ſee a Scene worſe " than Death, and ten Thouſand Tortures, " the Ruins of ruin'd *Caledonia*.

" Where are thy Towns, and numberleſs " Villages? Where are the antient Seats " of thy antient Gentry? They are burnt, " deſtroy'd, and deſolate; and there is not " the leaſt Veſtage of them remains. Oh, " *Caledonia*, theſe are the Fruits of inteſtine " Broils; theſe the dire Effects of Sedition " and Rebellion, who, alas! who will bring " any Comfort to undone *Caledonia?* "

" Travel from *Perth* to *Fort-William*, " and you meet with nothing but Deſola-" tion, Ruin, and Deſtruction on all Hands: " You ſee the Seats of our great Men on " Fire, or the Ruins of thoſe once hoſpi-" table Roofs; *Caſtle-Drummond* is a Heap " of Rubbiſh, the Eſtate of *Strathallan* is " a Deſart; *Fraſerdale* and *Caſtle-Douny* " are Monuments of the Folly of their " Owners; *Achnacary*, and the Seats of " the *Camerons* are laid in Aſhes; and the " *M' Donalds* have not a Houſe to cover " them: Oh, Providence, have Mercy up-" on undone *Caledonia.*

" The Women and Children cry aloud " for Bread; but alas! there is none to " give them: the Lame and Aged cry " for Help, but there is no Succour near: " the Mother ſees her Infant expiring for " Want, and ſuffers Pangs, which exceed " thoſe of Child-Birth: the Child ſees its " aged Parent ſtretch'd out with Hunger " in his Viſage, and Want preying upon " his Life: he ſees the Fountain of his

" Blood

" Blood dry'd up, and it is not in his " Power to ſuccour him; they join toge- " ther in fruitleſs wailing of their Miſe- " ries, and die with no other Words but " O Lord, have Mercy upon the Remains " of undone *Caledonia*.

" Look upon her Mountains, that were " formerly cover'd with Flocks of Cattle, " there is none to be ſeen: the Ox is no " more heard to low in the Mountains, " nor the Lamb to bleat in the Valley; " there is not a Cock to crow, or pro- " claim the Approach of Day: Barren- " neſs ſits brooding on the Fields, and " Famine rides triumphant on the Ruins " of their once-fill'd Barns; the very Birds " of the Air ſtarve for Want: Nothing " lives but the Raven, who is gorged with " the Carcaſes of thoſe who dy'd for Want: " Yet, if that Animal could articulate its " Voice, the firſt Word it certainly would " utter would be, Lord, have Mercy upon " *Caledonia*.

" Oh,

" Oh, Deſolation! where wilt thou have " an End? Dreadful Sword of War, when " will thy Edge be blunted? When wilt " thou be glutted with the Blood of *Cale-* " *donia?* Oh, horrid Effects of civil Broils! " The Father turns his Sword upon his Chil- " dren; and the Son brings Death to him " that gave him Breath: Brother is turned " againſt Brother, and each Man is an Ene- " my to the Son of his Mother.

" O Peace, when wilt thou return, and " heal up our Wounds? When ſhall we ſee " the Comfort of former Days? And each " Man live in Safety under his own Fig- " Tree? Shall we again hear the joyful " Sound of a friendly Salutation? Shall the " Shepherd follow his Flocks without " Danger, and the Huſbandman reap the " Fruit of his Labours? Bleſſed be the Hand " that brings us Peace: Be he bleſſed that " foundeth the Retreat: Bleſſed be the " Mother that bore him, and the Breaſts " that gave him Suck: Bleſs him, all ye " People; let all the Angels bleſs the Man " that gives Peace to undone *Caledonia.*

" Weep,

" Weep, Oh, ye Hills; be humbled, " Oh, ye Mountains; let the Vallies mourn, " and let not the Sound of Muſick cheriſh " the Ear; there is no Peace in *Scotland*, " nor Comfort in *Caledonia*: Her Sons have " gone aſtray, they have forſaken the Paths " of their Anceſtors, and Deſtruction is " come upon them: They are puniſh'd " with Rods of Iron, and ſmitten with the " Sword of War; they cry for Peace; the " Children lament, and Weeping and La- " mentation are heard in her Streets; ſhe " looketh for Comfort, but there is no Hand " to help, no Eye to pity her Woes; " her own Sons are her Executioners, and " they judge with a ſevere Juſtice; they " are puniſhed unto the third and fourth " Generation of the Tribes of undone, un- " happy, miſerable *Ca edonia*."

" The preſent Age is wretched, but they " have deſerv'd it: But the next, and the " next, and many ſucceeding Ages muſt " feel the dire Effects: Be united then, " O my Sons, rouze up your ſleeping Vir-

" tue

" tue; be reconcil'd to your Duty, if not
" for your own Sake, yet for your Poste-
" rity's Sake, save the Remains of your
" Country: Save *Scotland*, save it, O Lord,
" save it from itself; have Mercy upon un-
" done *Caledonia*."

FINIS.